



3 1761 04132 9079

JOYS OF
THE
GARDEN





The J. B. Tyrrell Library

Bequeathed to the

University of Toronto Library

by

Joseph Burr Tyrrell

M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,

F.G.S., F.G.S.A.

Graduate of the University of Toronto,
and eminent Canadian geologist,
explorer, and scholar

JOYS OF
THE GARDEN

Uniform with this book :

IN FRIENDSHIP'S GARDEN
IN NATURE'S GARDEN
WHAT MAKES A FRIEND
THE BOND OF MUSIC
THE JOYS OF LIFE



THE STEPPING STONES. MADRESFIELD COURT.

JOYS OF THE GARDEN

COMPILED BY
SIDNEY J. SHAYLOR

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contentends that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign :
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

T. E. Brown

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
TRUSLOVE & HANSON LIMITED

The compiler wishes to thank Mr. A. FORBES SIEVEKING for permission to include in this book the four copyright translations of Goethe, Lien-Tschen, Neckham, and Madame de Staël, taken from Mr. SIEVEKING's work "The Praise of Gardens."

PN
6110
G255

671182
13. 1. 58

CONTENTS

In Praise of Gardens

Flowers

The Wild Garden

The Seasons in a Garden

The Formation of Gardens

Of People in a Garden

The Orchard

Sundial Mottoes

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; margin-bottom: 5px;"> The Stepping Stones. Madresfield </div> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Court - - - - <i>Frontispiece</i> </div>	
The Round Garden. Gunnersbury Park	8
The Dutch Garden. Clandon Park -	16
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; margin-bottom: 5px;"> Evergreen Dutch Garden. The Warren </div> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> House - - - - </div>	32
Arch of Dorothy Perkins Rose - -	48
Old English Garden. Cliveden - -	64
The Lily Pond. Hedsor - - -	80
The Rockery. Gatton Park - -	96
Herbaceous Border. Knole Park -	112
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; margin-bottom: 5px;"> Sundial in Yew and Box. Easton </div> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Lodge - - - - </div>	136

In Praise of Gardens

ALL my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland
walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.

R. W. Emerson



A GARDEN saw I ful of blosmy bowès
Up-on a river in a grenè mede,
There as ther swetnesse evermorey—now is;
With flourès whitè, blewè, yelwe, and rede,
And coldè wellè-stremès no-tyng dede,
That swommen ful of smalè fischès lighte,
With fyynnès rede and scalès silver-brighte.

Geoffrey Chaucer

IN PRAISE OF GARDENS

I N the public garden at Palermo, adjoining the road, I peacefully passed the most pleasurable hours. It is the most marvellous spot in the world. Though laid out in regular order, it is like fairy-land; planted no great time since, it sets us down amidst antiquity. Green parterres embrace foreign shrubs, lemon-espaliers arch themselves into comely leaf-shaded walks, lofty walls of oleander, gemmed with a thousand red clove-like blossoms, arrest the eye. Foreign trees entirely unknown to me, still leafless, probably from warmer climes, spread forth curious branches. A bench raised behind the level ground brings into view vegetation so wonderfully interwoven, and guides the gaze at last to great basins, wherein gold and silver fish dart fascinatingly about, now hiding under mossy reeds, now assembling again in shoals, lured by a bit of bread. Everywhere upon the plants appears a green that we are not used to see, now yellower, now bluer than with us. But that which threw over the whole the rarest grace was a hazy vapour, pervading everything uniformly with so striking effect, that objects but a few steps' distance behind one another, stood forth by a distinct shade of light blue from each other, so that their own colour was finally lost, or at least presented itself to the eye through a blue medium.

Goethe

In Praise of Gardens

HERBULARIS

A CHAPLET then of Herbs I'll make,
Than which though yours be braver,
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be short of savour :
With Basil then I will begin,
Whose scent is wondrous pleasing ;
This Eglantine I'll next put in,
The sense with sweetness seizing ;
Then in my Lavender I lay,
Muscado put among it,
With here and there a leaf of Bay,
Which still shall run along it.

Germander, Marjoram and Thyme,
Which usèd are for stewing ;
With Hyssop as an herb most prime
Here in my wreath bestowing ;
Then Balm and Mint help to make up
My Chaplet, and for trial
Costmary that so likes the Cup,
And next it Pennyroyal.
Then Burnet shall bear up with this,
Whose leaf I greatly fancy ;
Some Camomile doth not amiss
With Savory and some Tansy.
Then here and there I'll put a sprig
Of Rosemary into it.
Thus not too Little nor too Big,
'Tis done if I can do it.

Michael Drayton

In Praise of Gardens

DUMB Mother of all music, let me rest
On thy great heart while summer days
pass by;

While all the heat up-quivers, let me lie
Close gathered to the fragrance of thy breast.
Let not the pipe of birds from some high nest
Give voice unto a thought of melody,
Nor dreaming clouds afloat along the sky
Meet any wind of promise from the west.
Save for that grassy breath that never mars
The peace, but seems a musing of thine own,
Keep thy dear silence. So, embraced, alone,
Forgetful of relentless prison-bars,
My soul shall hear all songs, unsung, unknown,
Uprising with the breath of all the stars.

Josephine Preston Peabody



AT all times and in all ages gardens have
been amongst the objects of the greatest
interest to mankind, and the gardener's art has
contributed to the delight of all men in their
time.

Charles Dickens



In Praise of Gardens

A SMALL cottage, adjacent to a beautiful village, the habitation of an ancient maiden lady, was for some time our abode. It was situated in a garden of seven or eight acres planted about the beginning of the eighteenth century, by one of the Millars, related to the author of the *Gardener's Dictionary*, or, for ought we know, by himself. It was full of long straight walks between hedges of yew and hornbeam, which rose tall and close on every side. There were thickets of flowering shrubs, a bower and an arbour, to which access was obtained through a little maze of contorted walks, calling itself a labyrinth. In the centre of the bower was a splendid *Platanus*, or oriental plane—a huge hill of leaves—one of the noblest specimens of that regularly beautiful tree which we remember to have seen. In different parts of the garden were fine ornamental trees, which had attained great size, and the orchard was filled with fruit-trees of the best description.

There were seats and trellis-walks and a banqueting house.

Sir Walter Scott



HOW sweetly smells the Honeysuckle In the hush'd night, as if the world were one Of utter peace and love and gentleness!

Walter Savage Landor

In Praise of Gardens

THEY set great store by their gardens. In them have they vineyardes, all manner of fruite, herbes, and flowres, so pleasaunt, so well furnished, and so finely kepte, that I never sawe thinge more frutefull, nor better trimmed, in anye place. Their studie and diligence herein cometh not only of pleasure, but also of a certen strife and contention that is between street and street, concerning the trimming, husbanding, and furnishing of their gardens: everye man for his owne parte. And verilye you shall not lightelye finde in all the citie anythinge, that is more commodious, either for the profite of the Citizens or for pleasure. And therefore it maye seme that the first founder of the citie minded nothing so much, as these gardens. For they saye that Kinge Utopus him selfe, even at the first beginning, appointed, and drewe furth the platteforme of the city into this fashion and figure that it hath nowe, but the gallant garnishinge, and the beautifull settinge forth of it, whereunto he saw that one mannes age would not suffice: that he left to his posteritie.

Sir Thomas More



AN ELIZABETHAN GARDEN

AND all without were walkes and alleys dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight
And shadie seats, and sundry flowering bankes
To sit and rest the walkers' wearie shankes.

Edmund Spenser

In Praise of Gardens

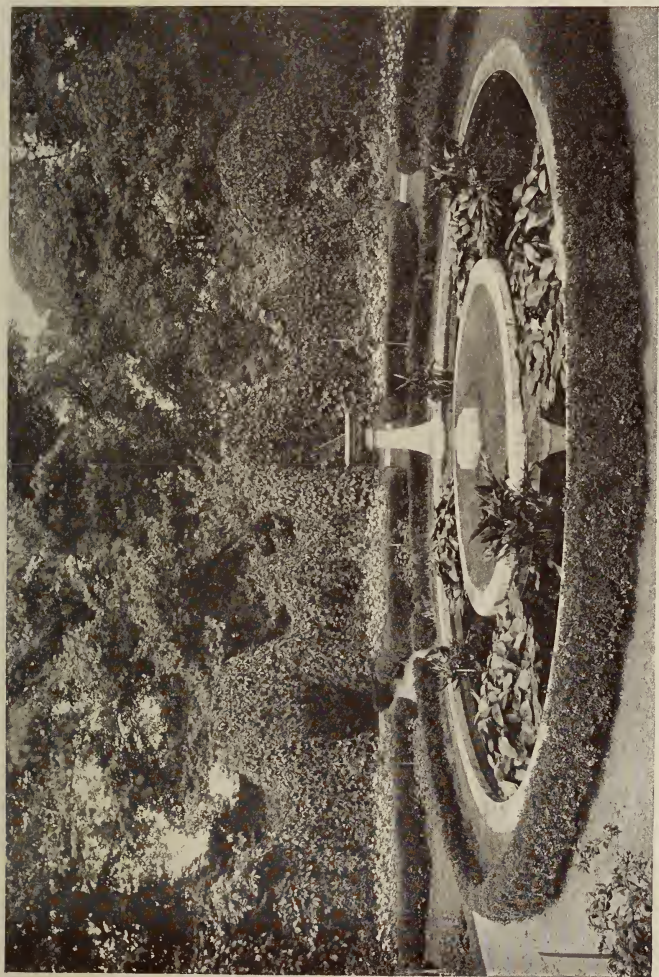
AN ITALIAN GARDEN

A NOBLE range it was, of many a rood,
Wall'd round with trees, and ending in
a wood :

Indeed, the whole was leafy; and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
Seem'd smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy hearts-ease, flushed with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
Hyacinth, handsome with its clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort.
With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between
Of sweetbrier, honeysuckle, and jessamine,
With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
And look as if they shade a golden fruit;
And 'midst the flowers, turf'd round beneath a
shade

Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
Which through the darksome tops glimmer'd
with showering light.

So now you walk'd beside an odorous bed
Of gorgeous hues, purple and gold, and red;
And now turn'd off into a leafy walk,
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,



THE ROUND GARDEN. GUNNERSBURY PARK.

In Praise of Gardens

And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;
And then, perhaps, you enter'd upon shades,
Pillow'd with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
Through which the distant palace, now and then,
Look'd lordly forth with many-window'd ken,—
A land of trees, which, reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretch'd their old arms out,
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and darted in and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laugh'd
 through;
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats
With bowering leaves o'er head, to which the eye
Look'd up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward-peeping sight
Throng'd in dark pillars up the gold-green light.
But 'twixt the woods and flowery walks, half-
 way,
And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,
A spot that struck you like enchanted ground:
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees—
The birch and poplar mix'd with heavier trees;
Down by whose roots, descending darkly still,
(You saw it not, but heard) there was a rill,

In Praise of Gardens

Whose low sweet talking seem'd as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers
Heap'd towards the centre, and with citron
 bowers;
And in the midst of all, cluster'd with bay
And myrtle, and just gleaming to the day,
Lurk'd a pavilion—a delicious sight,—
Small, marble, well-proportioned, mellowy white,
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no
 more,—
And a young orange either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward and square;
The rest was domed at top, and circular;
And through the dome the only light came in,
Tinged, as it entered, with the vine-leaves thin.

Leigh Hunt



THE garden beneath my window, before
 wrapped in gloom, was gently lighted up,
the orange and citron trees were tipped with
silver; the fountain sparkled in the moonbeams,
and even the blush of the rose was faintly visible.
I now felt the poetic merit of the Arabic descrip-
tion on the walls (The Alhambra):

“How beautiful is this garden, where the
flowers of the earth vie with the stars of heaven!
What can compare with the vase of yon alabaster
fountain filled with crystal water? Nothing but
the moon in her fulness, shining in the midst of
an unclouded sky!”

Washington Irving

In Praise of Gardens

I FINISHED this day with a walk, in the great garden of the Tuileries, rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, the other of mulberries; and that labyrinth of cypresses; not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fishponds, and an aviary; but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly, and as it is never without some fair nymph singing to its grateful returns; standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another, as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise.

John Evelyn



AND I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil,
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom :
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

In Praise of Gardens

FROM hence, about a league farther, we went to see Cardinal Richelieu's villa at Rueil. The house is small, but fairly built, in form of a castle, moated round. The offices are towards the road, and over against it are large vineyards, walled in. But, though the house is not of the greatest, the gardens about it are so magnificent, that I doubt whether Italy has any exceeding it for rarities of pleasure. The garden nearest the pavilion is a parterre, having in the midst divers noble brass statues, perpetually spouting water into an ample basin, with other figures of the same metal; but what is most admirable is the vast enclosure, and variety of ground, in the large garden, containing vineyards, cornfields, meadows, groves (whereof one is of perennial greens), and walks of vast length, so accurately kept, and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable. On one of these walks, within a square of tall trees, is a basilisk of copper, which, managed by the fountaineer, casts water near sixty feet high, and will of itself move round so swiftly, that one can hardly escape wetting. This leads to the Citronière, which is a noble conserve of all those rarities; and at the end of it is the Arch of Constantine, painted on a wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done, that even a man skilled in painting may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills, which seem to be between the arches, are so natural, that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall. I was infinitely taken with this agreeable cheat. At the farther part of this walk

In Praise of Gardens

is that plentiful, though artificial cascade, which rolls down a very steep declivity, and over the marble steps and basins, with an astonishing noise and fury; each basin hath a jetto in it, flowing like sheets of transparent glass, especially that which rises over the great shell of lead, from whence it glides silently down a channel through the middle of a spacious gravel walk, terminating in a grotto. Here are also fountains that cast water to a great height, and large ponds, two of which have islands for harbour of fowls, of which there is store. One of these islands has a receptacle for them built of vast pieces of rock, near fifty feet high, grown over with moss, ivy, etc., shaded at a competent distance with tall trees: in this rupellary nidary do the fowls lay eggs, and breed. We then saw a large and very rare grotto of shell-work, in the shape of satyrs, and other wild fancies: in the middle stands a marble table, on which a fountain plays in divers forms of glasses, cups, crosses, fans, crowns, etc. Then the fountaineer represented a shower of rain from the top, met by small jets from below. At going out, two extravagant musketeers shot us with a stream of water from their musket barrels. Before this grotto is a long pool into which ran divers spouts of water from leaden scallop basins. The viewing this paradise made us late at St. Germain.

John Evelyn



In Praise of Gardens

THE HOLLY TREE

O READER, hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.
So, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

In Praise of Gardens

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?
So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

R. Southey



AND where the Marjoram once, and Sage and
 Rue,
And Balm, and Mint, with curl'd-leaf Parsley
 grew,
And double Marigolds, and silver Thyme,
And Pumpkins 'neath the window climb.
And where I often, when a child, for hours
Tried through the pales to get the tempting
 flowers,
As Lady's-laces, Everlasting Peas,
True-love-lies-bleeding, with the Hearts-at-ease,
And Golden-rods, And Tansy running high,
That o'er the pale tops smiled on passers-by,
Flowers in my time which every one would praise,
Though thrown like weeds from gardens nowa-
 days.

John Clare

In Praise of Gardens

FROM HIS PRISON WINDOW AT WINDSOR

NOW was there made, fast by the Towis
wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about and so with treés set
Was all the place, and Hawthorne hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye
That might within scarce any wight espy.
So thick the boughes and the leaves green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweet Juniper
Growing so fair with branches here and there
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughs spread the arbour all about.
And on the smalle greene twistis sat
The little sweet nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of loris use, now soft, now lowd, among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

James I. of Scotland



I KNOW a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn till dewy night.

W. Morris



THE DUTCH GARDEN. CLONDON PARK.

In Praise of Gardens

THE gardens are near an English mile in compass, enclosed with a stately wall, and in good air. The parterre is indeed of box but so rarely designed, and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares, and as many circular knots, having in the centre a noble basin of marble near thirty feet diameter (as I remember), in which a Triton of brass holds a dolphin, that casts a girandola of water near thirty feet high, playing perpetually, the water being conveyed from Arcueil by an aqueduct of stone, built after the old Roman magnificence. About this ample parterre, the spacious walks and all included, runs a border of freestone, adorned with pedestals for pots and statues, and part of it near steps of the terrace, with a rail and baluster of pure white marble.

The walks are exactly fair, long, and variously descending, and so justly planted with limes, elms, and other trees, that nothing can be more delicious, especially that of the hornbeam hedge, which being high and stately, butts full on the fountain.

John Evelyn



I THINK there are as many kinds of gardens as of poetry; your makers of parterres and flower gardens are epigrammatists and sonnet-eers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers.

Joseph Addison

In Praise of Gardens

“MAY had painted with his soft showers
This garden full of leavès and of flowres :
And craft of mannys hand so curiously
Arrayed had this garden trewely,
That never was there garden of such price,
But if it were the very Paradise.
The odour of flowres, and the freshè sight
Would have ymaked any heartè light
That ever was born, but if too great sickness,
Or too great sorrow held it in distress;
So full it was of beauty and pleasance.”

Geoffrey Chaucer



MY BOWER

MY bower blooms, all beauteous,
With buds and blossoms fair,
That hang their heads all duteous
Whilst I lie dreaming there.

The honeysuckle drooping
From off her spousal stems,
And o'er her master stooping
Scatters her purple gems.

Pale lilac bends to kiss me,
And roses to clasp my feet,
Coy violet but to bless me,
Peeps from her dim retreat.

Upon my liliated pillow
Thus flower-embraced I lie,
And let the hoarse-tongued billow
Rave my loud lullaby !

G. Darley

In Praise of Gardens

MY GARDEN

I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you;
And there the golden bees shall come
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst;
And you shall feed him from your hand
Though he may start with fear at first,
And I will lead you where he lies,
For shelter in the noontide heat;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silvery feet.

Thomas Moore



TO LAURELS

A FUNERAL stone
Or verse I covet none
But only crave
Of you that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave:
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree
As the eternal monument of me.

Robert Herrick

In Praise of Gardens

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;

All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part—

Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,

I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours:
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

In Praise of Gardens

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping silently, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

S. R. Boyle



FOR this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his gardens; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much, to both the tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smells, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind.

Sir W. Temple

In Praise of Gardens

A FLOWER SONG OF ANGIOLA

DOWN where the garden grows,
Gay as a banner,
Spake to her mate the Rose
After this manner :—
“ We are the first of flowers,
Plain-land or hilly,
All reds and whites are ours,
Are they not, Lily? ”

Then to the flowers I spake,—
“ Watch ye my Lady
Gone to the leafy brake,
Silent and shady;
When I am near to her,
Lily, she knows;
How I am dear to her,
Look to it, Rose.”

Straightway the Blue-bell stooped,
Paler for pride,
Down where the Violet drooped,
Shy, at her side :—
“ Sweetheart, save me and you,
Where has the summer kist
Flowers of as fair a hue,—
Turkis or Amethyst? ”

Therewith I laughed aloud,
Spake on this wise,
“ O little flowers so proud,
Have ye seen eyes

In Praise of Gardens

Change through the blue in them,—
Change till the mere
Loving that grew in them
Turned to a tear?

“ Flowers ye are bright of hue,
Delicate, sweet;
Flowers, and the sight of you
Lightens men's feet;
Yea, but her worth to me,
Flowerets, even,
Sweetening the earth to me,
Sweeteneth heaven.

“ This then, O Flowers, I sing;
God, when He made ye,
Made yet a fairer thing
Making my Lady;—
Fashioned her tenderly,
Giving all weal to her;
Girdle ye slenderly,
Go to her, kneel to her,—

Saying, “ He sendeth us,
He the most dutiful,
Meetly He endeth us,
Maiden most beautiful!
Let us get rest of you,
Sweet, in your breast;—
Die, being prest of you.
Die, being blest.”

Austin Dobson

In Praise of Gardens

THE IVY GREEN

O H, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim :
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend the huge Oak Tree !
And sliely he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past :
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Charles Dickens

In Praise of Gardens

A GARDEN bower'd close
With plaited allays of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender :
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind ;
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse, with all forms
Of the many-sided mind. . . .

Alfred, Lord Tennyson



THE BUTTERFLY

HE the gay garden round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey with curious busy eye
Of every flower and herb there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Nor with his feet, their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.
And evermore with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to gratify ;
Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet,
And then he percheth on some branch thereby
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

Edmund Spenser

In Praise of Gardens

GARDEN

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours,
May share the work of Thine !

Apart from Thee we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed ;
Thy early and Thy later rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon ;
The curse of Earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world everywhere
For Eden's unknown ground ?
That garden of the primal pair
May nevermore be found.

But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
May right the ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees
May Eden's orchard shame ;
We taste the tempting sweets of these
Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and West,
The pride of every zone,
The fairest, rarest, and the best
May all be made our own.

In Praise of Gardens

Its earliest shrines the young world sought
In hill-groves and in bowers,
The fittest offerings thither brought
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

J. G. Whittier



QUEEN ROSE

THE jessamine shows like a star;
The lilies sway like sceptres slim;
Fair clematis from near and far
Sets forth its wayward tangled whim;
Curved meadow-sweet blooms rich and dim;
But yet a rose is fairer far.

The jessamine is odorous; so
Maid-lilies are, and clematis;
And where tall meadowsweet-flowers grow
A rare and subtle perfume is;—
What can there be more choice than these?
A rose when it doth bud and blow.

Let others choose sweet jessamine,
Or weave their lily-crown aright,
And let who love it pluck and twine
Loose clematis, or draw delight
From meadowsweets' cluster downy white—
The rose, the perfect rose, be mine.

Christina Rossetti

In Praise of Gardens

TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round:
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckle crown'd.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

Robert Herrick



AND here, as I pass, a word about the rose-hip.

Do you know, that in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, the sweet-briar was called the "heep," and that ladies made of its berries a delightful confection, for which, says Gerard, the tooth is set in rich men's mouths.

In Praise of Gardens

The sweet-briar, as it happens, has a very large berry, of which the skin is curiously thick and singularly pleasant; a conserve of sweet-briar must therefore have been very nice to the taste and, as our old herbalist says, rather costly, for sweet-briars do not grow in such profusion as to make their fruit common.

Phil Robinson



SO, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom
is o'er

Before the roses or the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chest-nut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-
trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing
breeze.

The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.
Too quick despaire, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap-dragon,
Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

Matthew Arnold

In Praise of Gardens

ME so oft my fancy drew
Here and there, that I ne'er knew
Where to place desire before
So that range it might no more;
But as he that passeth by
Where, in all her jollity,
Flora's riches in a row
Do in seemly order grow,
And a thousand flowers stand
Bending as to kiss his hand;
Out of which delightful store
One he may take and no more;
Long he pauseth doubting whether
Of those fair ones he should gather.

First the Primrose courts his eyes,
Then a Cowslip he espies;
Next the Pansy seems to woo him,
Then Carnations bow unto him;
Which whilst that enamoured swain
From the stock intends to strain
(As half-fearing to be seen),
Prettily her leaves between
Peeps the Violet, pale to see
That her virtues slighted be;
Which so much his liking wins,
That to seize her he begins.

Yet before he stooped so low
He his wanton eye did throw
On a stem that grew more high,
And the Rose did there espy.

In Praise of Gardens

Who, beside her precious scent,
To procure his eyes content
Did display her goodly breast,
When he found at full exprest
All the good that Nature showers
On a thousand other flowers ;
Wherewith he affected takes it,
His belovèd flower he makes it,
And without desire of more
Walks through all he saw before.

So I wandering but erewhile
Through the garden of this Isle,
Saw rich beauties I confess,
And in number numberless.
Yea, so differing lovely too,
That I had a world to do,
Ere I would set up my rest,
Where to choose and choose the best.

George Wither



MY Garden sweet, enclosed with walles strong,
Embanked with branches to sytt and take
my rest ;

The knots so enknotted, it cannot be exprest,
With arbors and ayles so pleasant and so dulce.

G. Cavendish

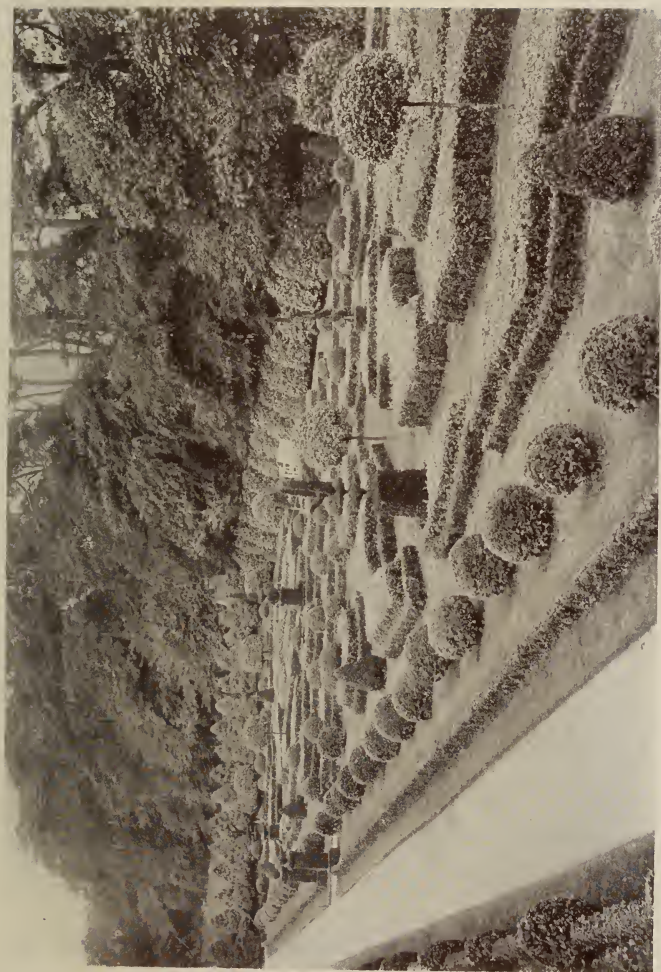


In Praise of Gardens

THE GARDEN

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures
sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants
shine,
And vernal honours in their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her Beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's Beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

Alexander Pope



EVERGREEN DUTCH GARDEN. THE WARREN HOUSE.

In Praise of Gardens

A GARDEN OF FLOWERS

FAIRHANDED Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the Snowdrop and the Crocus
first,

The Daisy, Primrose, Violet darkly blue,
And Polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
The yellow Wallflower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish Stock that scents the garden round,
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
Anemonès, Auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full Ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the Tulip race, whose beauty plays
Her idle freaks, from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run; the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes—
Nor Hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inwards—nor Jonquils
Of potent fragrance—nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled mountain hanging still—
Nor broad Carnations, nor gay spotted Pinks,
Nor showered from every bush the damasked
Rose.

James Thomson



In Praise of Gardens

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!
Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.
No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name;
Little alas! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheresoe'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.
When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat:
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

In Praise of Gardens

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
For other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate,
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

In Praise of Gardens

How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

Andrew Marvell



THE TASTELESS GARDEN

HIS Gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be played;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bowers;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' Dusty Urn.

Alexander Pope



Flowers

THE rose doth deserve the chiefest and most principall place among all flowers whatsoever; being not only esteemed for his beautie, vertues, and his fragrant smell, but also because it is the honour and ornament of our English sceptre.

John Gerarde, 1560



HERE's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping ; these are
flowers
Of middle Summer, and I think they are
given
To men of middle age.

W. Shakespeare

FLOWERS

FLOWER MEANINGS

RED roses, used to praises long,
Contented with the poet's song,
The nightingale's being over :
The lilies white, prepared to touch
The whitest thought, nor soil it much,
Of dreamer turned to lover.

Deep violets you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you
Without a thought disloyal
And cactuses, a queen might don,
If weary of a golden crown,
And still appear as royal.

Pansies for ladies all ! I wish
That none who wear such brooches, miss
A jewel in the mirror :
And tulips, children love to stretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
Its beauty's secret nearer.

Love's language may be talked with these :
To work out choicest sentences,
No blossoms can be meeter ;
And, such being used in Eastern bowers,
Young maids may wonder if the flowers,
Or meanings be the sweeter.

E. B. Browning

Flowers

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

THERE is a little and a pretty flower,
That you may find in many a garden plot;
Yet wild it is, and grows amid the stour
Of public roads, as in close-wattled bower:
Its name in English is, Forget-me-Not.
Sweet was the fancy of those antique ages
That put a heart in every stirring leaf,
Writing deep morals upon Nature's pages,
Turning sweet flowers into deathless sages
To calm our joy and sanctify our grief.
And gladly would I know the man or child,
But no!—it surely was a pensive girl
That gave so sweet a name to floweret wild,
A harmless innocent and unbeguiled,
To whom a flower is precious as a pearl.
Fain would I know, and yet I can but guess,
How the blue floweret won a name so sweet,
Did some fond mother, bending down to bless
Her sailing son, with last and long caress,
Give the small plant to guard him through the
fleet?

Did a kind maid, that thought her lover all
By which a maid would fain belovèd be,
Leaning against a ruined abbey wall,
Make of the flower an am'rous coronal,
That still should breathe and whisper,
“Think of me”?

But were I good and holy as a saint,
Or hermit-dweller in secluded grot,
If e'er the soul in hope and love were faint,
Then, like an antidote to mortal taint,
I'd give the pretty flower Forget-me-Not.

Hartley Coleridge

Flowers

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;
Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark's-heels trim.
All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!
The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch and sing.
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

John Fletcher



THE LILY

THE modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble sheep a threat'ning horn:
While the Lily white shall in love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

W. Blake

Flowers

DAFFODILL

Batte. GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my daffodill?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold
That trim up lovers' bowers
The pansy and the marigold,
Tho' Phœbus' paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describ'st the daffodill !
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring on yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my daffodill's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo. I saw a shepherd that doth keep,
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

Batte. Yet Gorbo, thou delud'st me still ;
My flower thou didst not see,
For, know, my pretty daffodill
Is worn of none but me.

Flowers

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,
Except to hide her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass;
They call her Daffodill.

Whose presence as along she went
The pretty flowers did greet
As though their heads they downward
bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
“ There goes sweet Daffodill.”

Batte. Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill;
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy,
Let us to Daffodill.

Michael Drayton



HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW

JEALOUS girls these sometimes were,
While they liv'd, or lasted here;
Turn'd to flowers, still they be
Yellow, markt for jealousy.

Robert Herrick

Flowers

THE SOLITARY ROSE

O HAPPY rose, red rose, that bloomest lonely
Where there are none to gather while they
love thee;

Thou art perfumed by thine own fragrance only,
Resting like incense round thee and above thee;
Thou hearest nought save some pure stream that
flows,

O happy rose.

What though for thee no nightingales are singing?

They chant one eve, but hush them in the
morning.

Near thee no little moths and bees are winging
To steal thy honey when the day is dawning;—
Thou keep'st thy sweetness till the twilight's
close,

O happy rose.

Then rest in peace, thou lone and lovely flower;
Yea be thou glad, knowing that none are near
thee,

To mar thy beauty in a wanton hour,
And scatter all thy leaves nor deign to wear thee.
Securely in thy solitude repose,

O happy rose.

Christina Rossetti



WHATSOEVER of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush and bosom and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Leigh Hunt

Flowers

THE NARCISSUS

O BLOOMING white narcissus-bud that
 lendest
New beauty to the meadow where thou bendest !
The spring without thy scent were nought,
Scarce worth one thought,
'Mid all its paradise of buds,
And floods
Of liquid air and cloudy currents bright
With infinite
Pure rills of pulsing petulant sunlight !
'Tis from thy brows and eyes
The April skies
Take all their languid lustre !

J. Addington Symonds



THE VIOLET

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow,
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

Sir Walter Scott

Flowers

ALPINE FLOWERS

FAIREST of garden blossoms ! not so fair,
So dear are ye as those bright wilding
blossoms

Won by the mountain climber. Theirs the forms
And tints the most delightful ; theirs the charm,
The aureole flung along the silent heights
Whereon they frolic, children of the dews
And dancing waters.

But in sleep betimes
The Alpine vision shines along the plain,
And on the heights the beauty of the vale.
This morn I trod the secret path of dreams,
And all around me sprang my best-loved flowers
Of dale or mountain, or the torrent marge,
And some that I had never seen before,
(Sweet names flung down upon a poet's page,)
But all in hues more bright than day has known
Came with her trembling banner of perfumed
bells

The lily of the valley and the jasmine,
Princesses twain, in maiden fragrance pure ;
Night-blooming cereus, agrimony, rue,
Poppies incarnadine, and rosemary,
The panther-spotted lilies of the meadow,
Jonquils and pinks, and purple passion-flowers,
Dim hyacinths and shining dittany :
Wild roses pregnant with the morning dew
And still the golden sun embosoming,
And violets with gentle eyes were there,
With their pale cousinry the periwinkles ;
The azure of the mountain gentian shone
Intense beneath the rival blue of heaven,

Flowers

Along the crag the Alpine roses bloomed,
And higher still the starry edelweiss,
And cool the wind came o'er the cloudy height.

But now I seemed to wonder at the dream,
To my dim sense a riddle; then it paled,
And day unwelcome blended with the view;
My sight unclosed—and lo, my roguish girl,
A witch of seven, a nosegay in her hand,
Ran in upon my dream, and wafted me
Wet fragrance. “Wake!” she cried, and I
awoke

To earth and Irma, flower of all the world.

Titus Munson Coan



THE SNOWDROP

YES, punctual to the time, thou'rt here again
As still thou art:—though frost or rain may
vary,
And icicles blockade the rockbird's aery,
Or sluggish snow lie heavy on the plain,
Yet thou, sweet child of hoary January,
Art here to harbinger the laggard train
Of vernal flowers, a duteous missionary.
Nor cold can blight, nor fog thy pureness stain.
Beneath the dripping eaves, or on the slope
Of cottage garden, whether mark'd or no,
Thy meek head bends in undistinguish'd row.
Blessings upon thee, gentle bud of hope!
And Nature bless the spot where thou dost grow—
Young life emerging from thy kindred snow.

Hartley Coleridge

Flowers

THE ROSE

O ROSE, thou flower of flowers, thou fragrant wonder,
Who shall describe thee in thy ruddy prime,
Thy perfect fullness in the summer-time,
When the pale leaves blushing part asunder
And show the warm red heart lies glowing under?
Thou shouldst bloom surely in some sunny clime,
Untouched by blights and chilly winter's rime,
Where lightnings never flash nor peals the thunder.
And yet in happier spheres they cannot need thee
So much as we do with our weight of woe;
Perhaps they would not tend, perhaps not heed thee,
And thou wouldst lonely and neglected grow;
And He who is all wise, He hath decreed thee
To gladden earth and cheer all hearts below.

Christina Rossetti



AH! SUN-FLOWER

AH, sun-flower; weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;
Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my sun-flower wishes to go.

W. Blake



ARCH OF DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE

Flowers

TO A LILY

GO bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white : her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less :
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself : so she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again,
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone,
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

J. M. Legaré



BLUE flags, yellow flags, flags all freckled,
Which will you take? yellow, blue, speckled,
Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,
Each in its way has not a fellow.

Christina Rossetti

Flowers

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS

WE are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty
saith :

Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple
breath :

All who see us, love us ;
We befit all places ;
Unto sorrow we give smiles ; and unto graces,
graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our
passage clear ;
Not a whisper tells,
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips
appear.

We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh
atop, sweet Flowers !

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through
the grass ;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,

Flowers

Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the
 bridegroom pass,
 Age, the wither'd clinger,
 On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his
 childhood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
 Taste, how heav'n loves colour,
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
 What sweet thoughts she thinks
 Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be
 seen;
 See her whitest lilies
 Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman
 of the flowers!

Leigh Hunt



THE MUSK ROSE AND THE GARDEN ROSE

I SAW the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
 A fresh blown musk-rose; 'twas the first
 that threw
Its sweets upon the summer, graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields,
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy
I thought the garden rose it far excelled.

J. Keats

Flowers

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS

'T WAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flown
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

Felicia Hemans

Flowers

THE CELANDINE AND THE DAISY

I LOVE the flowers that Nature gives away
With such a careless bounty : some would
deem

She thought them baubles, things of no esteem,
Mere idle followers of unthrifty May.

See in the lane, where geese and donkeys stray,
That golden flower, the countless Celandine :
Though long o'erlook'd, it needs no praise of
mine,

For 'tis one mightier poet's joy and theme.

See how the Daisies whiten all yon lea !

A thing so dear to poet and to child,
That when we see it on neglected wild,

We prize old Nature's generosity.

The Celandine one mighty bard may prize ;

The Daisy no bard can monopolise.

Hartley Coleridge



VIOLETS

FROLLICK virgins once these were,

Over-loving (living here)

Being here their ends deny'd,

Ran for sweethearts mad and dy'd.

Love in pitie of their teares,

And their losse in blooming yeares

For their restless here-spent houres,

Gave them Heartsease turn'd to flowers.

Robert Herrick

Flowers

VIOLETS

SWEET violets, love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched
 bear
Within your palie faces
Upon the gentle wing of some calm breathing
 wind
That plays amidst the plains !

W. Raleigh



SWEET BRIAR

WILD-ROSE, Sweet Briar, Eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—oh ! that's divine !
Happy-sweet and pungent-fine
Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine.

Leigh Hunt



HOPE is like a Harebell,
Trembling from its birth,
Love is like a Rose, the joy of all the earth :
Faith is like a Lily, lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely Rose, the world's delight ;
Harebells and sweet Lilies show a thornless
 growth,
But the Rose with all its thorns excels them both.

Christina Rossetti

Flowers

AZALEA

WELCOME, sweet stranger, from the gorge-
geous East!

Nature in thee puts forth her beauteous might,
For aye array'd as for a marriage feast,
Or like an incarnation of pure light.
What man can see thee so superbly drest,
Without a thought of her whom he loves best?
Yet when I think of her whom I love well,
I do not think of such luxurious flowers.
Ill suited to a humble home like ours,
If you and I, my love, together dwell,
Where the rich perfume, and the luscious smell
Of herds that emigrate from Indian bowers.
Better for us the plant that feels the showers
And the sweet sunshine,—by our mossy well.
Better be like the buttercups so many,
That in good England no one thinks of any,
While yet we grow in our own native land,
Than the Azalea, solitary, grand,
Perfuming the far banks of Alleghany,
Or withering in Australia's thirsty sand.

Hartley Coleridge



THE SNOWDROP

YOU ask why Spring's fair first-born flower is
white:

Peering from out the warm earth long ago,
It saw above its head great drifts of snow,
And blanched with fright.

Clinton Scollard

Flowers

AN EVENING PRIMROSE

WHEN once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the Evening's
breast;

Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The Evening Primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;
And hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the Night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on while Night is by;
When Day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints, and withers, and is gone.

J. Clare



A NOSEGAY

SAY, crimson Rose and dainty Daffodil,
With Violet blue;
Since you have seen the beauty of my saint,
And eke her view;
Did not her sight (fair sight!) you lonely fill,
With sweet delight
Of goddess' grace and angels' sacred tint
In gaze, most bright?

Say, golden Primrose, sanguine Cowslip fair,
With Pink most fine;
Since you beheld the visage of my dear,
And eyes divine;

Flowers

Did not her globy front, and glistening hair,
 With cheeks most sweet,
So gloriously like damask flowers appear,
 The gods to greet?

Say snow-white Lily, speckled Gillyflower,
 With Daisy gay;
Since you have viewed the Queen of my desire
 In her array;
Did not her ivory paps, fair Venus' bower,
 With heavenly glee,
A Juno's grace, conjure you to require
 Her face to see?

Say Rose, say Daffodil, and Violet blue,
 With Primrose fair,
Since ye have seen my nymph's sweet dainty face
 And gesture rare,
Did not (bright Cowslip, blooming Pink) her view
 (White Lily) shine—
(Ah, Gillyflower, ah, Daisy!) with a grace
 Like stars divine!

John Reynolds



I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The roses red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lilycups,
 Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built;
 And where my mother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
 The tree is living yet.

T. Hood

Flowers

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

SOME flowers there are that rear their heads
on high,
The gorgeous products of a burning sky,
That rush upon the eye with garish bloom,
And make the senses drunk with high perfume.
Not such art thou, sweet Lily of the Vale!
So lovely, small, and delicately pale,—
We might believe, if such fond faith were ours,
As sees humanity in trees and flowers,
That thou wert once a maiden, meek and good,
That pined away beneath her native wood.
For very fear of her own loveliness,
And died of love she never would confess.

Hartley Coleridge



SWEET AND SOUR

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brier;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:
So every sweet with sour is tempered still.
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store,
Why then should I account of little pain
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

Edmund Spenser

Flowers

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned
Winter's way,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on the bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale.
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

H. Kirke White



A RED ROSE

ONCE, long ago, in some sweet garden's hush,
A lover gave you, snow-white, to his love ;
And, lifted to her lips, you saw her blush,
And blushed to match her damask cheek above.

F. D. Sherman

Flowers

HOW THE WALLFLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY SO CALLED

WHY this flower is now called so,
List' sweet maids and ye shall know.
Understand, this Firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,
Kept as close as Danaë was :
Who a sprightly Spring-all loved,
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
'Tempting down to slide withal :
But the silken twist unty'd,
So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd.
Love, in pitty of the deed,
And her loving lucklesse speed,
Turn'd her to this Plant, we call
Now, the Flower of the Wall.

Robert Herrick



HAVE YOU SEEN BUT A BRIGHT LILY GROW

HAVE you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !
B. Jonson. (A Celebration of Charis)

Flowers

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A Poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth



Flowers

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light,
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and comest alone
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

W. C. Bryant



THE GUERNSEY LILY

FAR in the East, and long to us unknown,
A lily bloom'd, of colours quaint and rare;
Not like our lilies, white, and dimly fair,
But clad like Eastern monarch, on his throne.
A ship there was by stress of tempest blown,
And wreck'd on beach, all sandy, flat, and bare
—The storm-god bated of his rage to spare
The queenly flower, foredoom'd to be our own.

Flowers

The Guernsey fisher, seeking what the sea
Had stolen to aid his hungry poverty,
Starts to behold the stranger from afar,
And wonders what the gorgeous thing might be,
That like an unsphered and dejected star
Gleam'd in forlorn and mateless majesty.

Hartley Coleridge



ROSES

G O, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous, sweet and fair.

Edmund Waller

Flowers

THE LILY AND THE ROSE

THE nymph must love her female friend
If more admired than she—
But where will fierce contention end
If flow'rs can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The lily and the rose.

The rose soon redden'd into rage,
And swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower,
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bick'ring and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, e'er yet too late,
The pride of her parterre.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue
And yours the statlier mien,
And till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.

Now soothed and reconciled each seeks
The fairest British fair
The seat of Empire is her cheeks
They reign united there.

William Cowper



OLD ENGLISH GARDEN. CLIVEDEN.

Flowers

THE ROSE

SWEET, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn the bower;
From thy long cloudy bed,
Shoot forth thy damask head.

New-startled blush of Flora,
The grief of pale Aurora
(Who will contest no more),
Haste, haste to strew her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in Heaven;
Love's couch's covered,
Haste, haste to make her bed.

Dear offspring of pleased Venus
And jolly, plump Silenus,
Haste, haste to deck the hair
Of the only sweetly fair!

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all this flower,
Her bed is a rosy nest
By a bed of roses pressed.

But early as she dresses,
Why fly you her bright tresses?
Ah! I have found, I fear,—
Because her cheeks are near.

Richard Lovelace

Flowers

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick



DAFFODIL

WHO passes down the wintry street
Hey, ho, daffodil!
A sudden flame of gold and sweet,
With sword of emerald girt so meet,
And golden gay from head to feet.

How are you here this wintry day?
Hey, ho, daffodil!
Your radiant fellows yet delay.

Flowers

No wind-flower dances scarlet gay,
Nor crocus flame lights up the way.

What land of cloth o' gold and green,—
Hey, ho, daffodil!
Cloth o' gold with the green between—
Was that you left but yestere'en,
To light a gloomy world and mean?

King trumpeter to Flora queen,
Hey, ho, daffodil!
Blow, and the golden jousts begin.

K. Tynan Hinkson



AUTUMN FLOWERS

THE flowers of Spring, they come in sweet
succession,
Snowdrop and crocus, and mezereon, thick
Studded with blossom upon leafless stick,
And the young ivy, ceaseless in progression;
They triumph in their hour of brief possession.
Then Summer comes, with her voluptuous rose,
And sweet carnation in half-blown repose;
The plant where pious maids discern the passion,
The death by which we live. But I was born
When the good year was like a man of fifty,
When the wild crab-tree show'd a naked thorn,
And tall brown fern disguised the red deer's horn;
Like meats upon a board, august yet thrifty,
Large flowers blaze out at intervals forlorn.

Hartley Coleridge

Flowers

TO DAFFODILS

F AIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything,
 We die
As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick



B RAVE flowers—that I could gallant it like
 you,
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds again.
You are not proud: you know your birth:
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

Flowers

You do obey your months and times, but I
 Would have it ever Spring;
My fate would know no Winter, never die,
 Nor think of such a thing.
O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!
O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
 But rather to take truce!
How often have I seen you at a bier,
 And there look fresh and spruce!
You fragrant flowers! then teach me, that my
 breath
Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

Henry King

(A Contemplation upon Flowers)



THE ROSE

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
 Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth
Nor fairer garden yet was never known:
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learned bards of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Water'd the root and kiss'd her pretty shade.
But well-a-day!—the gardener careless grew;
The maids and fairies both were kept away
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock! If heaven send no sup-
 plies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

Sir William Browne

Flowers

POPPIES

WE are slumbrous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs;
Some asleep and some awake;
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose;
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkness grows?
Who, through what funereal pain
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power;
Pluto's always setting sun
And Prosperpine's bower.
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also,
Milky-hearted we;
Taste, but with a rev'rent care,—
Active, patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

Leigh Hunt



The Wild Garden

HE brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee: all sorts are here that all the
Earth yields,
Variety without end.

Milton



GROVES of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and
balm,
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more
sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

Milton

THE WILD GARDEN

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat.
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet :
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by ;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom ;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay
The flowers that did in Eden bloom ;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came ;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die, you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

P. Freneau

The Wild Garden

BURNHAM BEECHES

A BARD, dear muse, unapt to sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches,
Help me to touch the lyric string,
In praise of Burnham-beeches.

What tho' my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham-beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their silvan beauty reaches,
Of Birnam-wood let Scotland talk,
While we've our Burnham-beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft return
(Say, who my taste impeaches)
Where holly, juniper, and fern,
Spring up round Burnham-beeches.

Tho' deep embower'd their shades among,
The owl at midnight screeches,
Birds of far merrier, sweeter song,
Enliven Burnham-beeches.

If 'sermons be in stones,' I'll bet
Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham-beeches.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks! bow, graceful planes!
Ye match not Burnham-beeches.

The Wild Garden

Gardens may boast a tempting show
Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
The boughs of Burnham-beeches.

Poets and painters, hither hie,
Here ample room for each is
With pencil and with pen to try
His hand at Burnham-beeches.

When monks, by holy Church well schooled,
Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,
Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham-beeches.

Skirting the convent's walls of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches,
But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham-beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham-beeches.

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham-beeches.

Hold! though I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches—
Again that rhyme? enough—I've done,
Farewell to Burnham-beeches.

H. Luttrell

The Wild Garden

COULD I FIND A BONNY GLEN

COULD I find a bonny glen,
Warm and calm, warm and calm;
Could I find a bonny glen,
Warm and calm;
Free frae din, and far frae men,
There my wanton kids I'd pen,
Where woodbines shade some den,
Breathing balm, breathing balm;
Where woodbines shade some den,
Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill
Shields the deer, shields the deer;
Where the steep and woody hill
Shields the deer;
Where the woodlark, singing shrill
Guards his nest beside the rill,
And the thrush, with tawny bill,
Warbles clear, warbles clear;
Where the thrush, with tawny bill,
Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall
Echoes round, echoes round;
Where the dashing waterfall
Echoes round;
And the rustling aspen tall,
And the owl, at evening's call,
Plaining from the ivied wall,
Joins the sound, joins the sound;
Plaining from the ivied wall,
Joins the sound.

Mrs. Grant of Laggan

The Wild Garden

THE GARDEN WHERE THERE IS NO WINTER

BEHOLD the portal: open wide it stands,
And the long reaches shine and still allure
To seek their nobler depths serene, secure,
And watch the waters kiss the yellow sands
That gentle winds stir with their sweet com-
mands;

These stately growths from age to age endure,
These splendid blooms glow in the sunlight pure,
These wondrous works of human hearts and
hands.

Over the charmèd space no storm may rest,
The gloomy hours avoid the magic bound,
Homer dwells here, Vergil, and all the blest
Whose perfumed color lights Time's mighty
round;

Pluck the fruit freely, reader, and partake,
God wills it—for the enchanted Soul's fair sake.

Louis James Block



AND look—a thousand blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer month that brings the
Rose

Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

* * * * *

Look to the Rose that blows about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "Into the World I blow:

At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

Omar Khayyám

The Wild Garden

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the
rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through
all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in
the wood,

The Wild Garden

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in
autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of
the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the
stream no more.

W. C. Bryant



PARADISE

Of God the garden was, by Him in the east
Of Eden planted: Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Selencia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd.

John Milton



The Wild Garden

IT was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he
framed
All things to Man's delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous
flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with
stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but
feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling
herbs.
Espousèd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung.

John Milton





THE LILY POND. HEDSOR.

The Wild Garden

A SMALL quiet nook of a place nestled among trees, and carpeted with green around. And there a brook should murmur with a voice of out-door happiness; and a little garden brimming over with flowers should mark the days and weeks and months, with bud and blossom; and the worst injuries of time be fallen leaves. And then, health in balm should come about my path and my mind be as a part of every fragrant thing that shone and grew around me.

A garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them and join them, and then to go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to me like over-dutiful children: tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.

Douglas Jerrold



The Wild Garden

I LOVE the garden, wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side;
Where wood-bines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow,
And roses midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand:
Though docks and brambles here and there
May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me's a paradise
Compared with prim cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff and confined.

Allan Ramsay



THE GARDEN OF DAMASCUS

WILD as the highest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous Garden of Damascus. Forest trees tall and stately enough if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a bustling life of it below, with their branches struggling against strong numbers of bushes and wilful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night.

High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. The rose trees which I saw were all of the kind which we

The Wild Garden

call damask—they grow to an immense height and size. There are no other flowers. Here and there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else are left free to the wayward ways of nature, and bear rank weeds, moist-looking and cool to your eyes, and freshening the sense with their earthy and bitter fragrance.

Alexander William Kinglake



RAINING again, in a soft warm shower! Listen to the garden talking while it rains, a patter of voices, quick, eager, and multitudinous, full of hopes and projects of what they will do "now that it rains."

How they will grow and shoot forth and bud and blossom! The roses only are weeping their pretty flowers away, drip, drip, drip, one petal at a time, and then, on a sudden, a whole sob-full.

Pan has asked for them: they give them to Pan.

And the sweet-briar is worshipful with fragrance, and like incense to Indra, "Lord of the Rain," goes up the scent of lavender, and southernwood, and thyme. The lilies of great goodlihead, divinely tall, sway with a stately languid grace; the Canterbury bells are all ringing.

Phil Robinson

The Wild Garden

THE LARCH GROVE

LINE above line the nursling larches planted,
Still as they climb with interspace more
wide,
Let in and out the sunny beams that slanted,
And shot and cranked down the mountain's
side.

The larches grew, and darker grew the shade ;
And sweeter aye the fragrance of the Spring ;
Pink pencils all the spiky boughs array'd,
And small green needles call'd the birds to sing.

They grew apace as fast as they could grow,
As fain the tawny fell to deck and cover ;
They haply thought to soothe the pensive woe,
Or hide the joy of stealthy tripping lover.

Ah larches ! that shall never be your lot ;
Nought shall ye have to do with amorous
weepers,

Nor shall ye prop the roof of cosy cot,
But rumble out your days as railway sleepers.

Hartley Coleridge



WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;

The Wild Garden

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.
The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

W. Wordsworth



FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds.

James Thomson



The Wild Garden

THE NYMPH'S FAWN

I HAVE a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year,
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself should rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
Had it lived long, it would have been,
Lilies without, roses within.

Andrew Marvell



The Seasons in a Garden

Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over
and gone; the flowers appear again upon
the earth; the time of the singing of birds
is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard
in our land.

Song of Solomon



IN all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like
wings;
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

H. W. Longfellow

THE SEASONS IN A GARDEN

PARADISE

OF Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure
green,

As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable heights of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. . . .

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature born
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain.

* * * * *

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn, the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; Meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hill, disperséd or in a lake
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

John Milton



The Seasons in a Garden

SPRING

THE budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads besprinkled with a yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into Heaven straight
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is
brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine,
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

Thomas Chatterton



AUTUMN FLOWERS

THOSE few Autumn Flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!

The Seasons in a Garden

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !

Ye're types of precious things ;
Types of those little moments
That flit like life's enjoyments
On rapid, rapid wings :

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half utter'd
Last looks of dying friends.

Who would but fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who ere the morrow's sun
Must leave us and for aye?

O precious, precious, moments !
Pale flowers ye're types of those ;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the Summer rose
For younger, blither brows :
Tell me of change and death.

Caroline Southey



The Seasons in a Garden

GERMAN GARDENS

GARDENS are almost as beautiful in some parts of Germany as in England; the luxury of gardens always implies a love of the Country. In England simple mansions are often built in the middle of the most magnificent parks; the proprietor neglects his dwelling to attend to the ornament of nature. This magnificence and simplicity united do not, it is true, exist in the same degree in Germany; yet, in spite of the want of wealth, and the pride of feudal dignity, there is everywhere to be remarked a certain love of the beautiful, which sooner or later must be followed by taste and elegance, of which it is the only real source. Often in the midst of the superb gardens of the German princes are placed Æolian harps close by grottos, encircled with flowers, that the wind may waft the sound and the perfume together.

Madame De Staël



AN OCTOBER GARDEN

TWICE in the year it is trimmed: clumps grown too large are broken up; those grown too thin are reinforced. The fancy edging is replenished with cuttings, the rampant

The Seasons in a Garden

musk raked out, and the invading shrubbery cut well back. And then the garden is left to itself. For all the flowers in it are perennial. Some years ago there were only lawn and shrubbery, but the laurels and rhododendrons were transplanted and cut back to make room for a broad flower-border, and the result is this October splendour. Opposite the perennial border grew some trees, and their almost daylong shade makes this border later in flowering than the sunnier beds. Yet it, too, has had its earlier glory. To wit, when the sweet-williams and snapdragons made solid masses of colour, and columbine and potentilla and geum filled up the intervals: when the pansies, all down the line, made a riband of gorgeous hues, and behind, the monkshoods in wondrous shades of blue held up great spikes of flower. Every few feet, a cluster of Canterbury-bells struck a strong note of colour, and poppies of strangest kinds, like chrysanthemums, or yellow and buff and orange, were everywhere, thrusting up beautiful heads through the green around them.

Later, the tiger-lilies came out to relieve the monkshood, and where the spiræas had sent up their feathers, pink and white, to meet the clematis, the clematis now trailed strands of large purple stars down to the spiræas.

Phil Robinson

The Seasons in a Garden

WE have no reason to think that for many centuries the term "garden" implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the Garden of Eden, I do not doubt but he concludes it was something approaching to that of Versailles, with clipt hedges, berceaus and trelliswork. If his devotion humbles him so far as to allow that, considering who designed it, there might be a labyrinth full of Aesop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largest rivers in the world were half so magnificent as a hundred fountains full of statues by Girardon. It is thus that the word "garden" has at all times passed for whatever was understood by that term in different countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for several centuries, is evident from those few descriptions that are preserved of the most famous gardens of antiquity.

Horace Walpole



IN THE AUTUMN

WHERE are the flowers that blossomed
So fair in the bright days of Spring?
Where are the swallows that skimm'd o'er the
land
So gaily on glimmering wing?

The Seasons in a Garden

Where are the green leaves that whispered
Such marvellous melody?
And the wandering zephyrs that sighed forth
their soul
In odorous kisses to me?

Where is the friend of my bosom?
Why cometh he not to my cries?
So weary am I for the clasp of his hand!
So faint for the light of his eyes.

Ah! once more the blossoming roses
Their delicate bloom will unfold:
The swallows will skim o'er the sunshiny land
On their glimmering wings as of old:

The trees will stretch upward to Heaven
Their bountiful branches of green;
And the slumbering zephyrs will waken and sigh
Their mystical music between:

And the passionate kiss of the Summer
With thrill to the heart as of yore:
But the friend that walked with me in days that
are gone
Can never come back to me more!

William Leighton



The Seasons in a Garden

WOMEN AND GARDENS

MY garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantages of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those in France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit trees), and continued in festoons from one to the other, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat, without being incommoded by it.

I have made a dining-room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is 317 feet in length, and 200 in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it) that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and producing a variety of wines.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

(A letter, dated Louvere, July 10th, 1753.)





THE ROCKERY. GATTON PARK.

The Formation of Gardens

THE best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone-stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

Sir W. Temple



WHEN in the Garden's Entrance you provide,
The waters, there united, to divide :
First, in the Center a large Fountain make ;
Which from a narrow pipe its Rise may take,
And to the Air those waves, by which 'tis
fed,
Remit afar ; about it raise a Bed
Of Moss, or Grass ; but if you think this
base,
With well-wrought marble circle in the
Place.

Batty Langley

THE FORMATION OF GARDENS

IN every garden four things are necessary to be provided for—flowers, fruit, shade and water; and whoever lays out a garden without all these, must not pretend it in any perfection :

It ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel-walks, the dryness should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls.

If this take up one half of the garden the other should be fruit-trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf-trees, and the last standard-fruit; or else the second part fruit-trees, and the third all sorts of winter-greens, which provide for all seasons of the year.

Sir W. Temple



The Formation of Gardens

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

THE groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams,
Being banked with posies,
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly—
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

There's gravel walks there,
For speculation
And conversation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
Those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier
He may transport her
Into some fort, or
All under ground.

The Formation of Gardens

For 'tis there's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are forever bred;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six,
Or a feather-bed.
'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air!
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni'
Could not entwine.
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

R. A. Millikin

The Formation of Gardens

AT length the finished garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatched through the verdant maze, the hurried
eye

Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps,
Now meets the bending sky, the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main,
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace:
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes,
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round,
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks: from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand—
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin-white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,

The Formation of Gardens

Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.

James Thomson



“ **L**ET the Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yield-
ing seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.”
He scarce had said when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure
clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce
blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth
crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field: and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in a dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or
gemm'd
Their blossoms.

John Milton

The Formation of Gardens

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S ITALIAN GARDEN

I AM really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town. . . . I have made two little terrasses, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. . . . I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamin trees as I can cram in; and in the squares designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting anything disagreeable, either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onions, garlic. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, besides the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls: all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu



The Formation of Gardens

CHINESE GARDENS

THE art of laying out gardens consists in an endeavour to combine cheerfulness of aspect, luxuriance of growth, shade, solitude and repose, in such a manner that the senses may be deluded by an imitation of rural nature. Diversity, which is the main advantage of free landscape, must, therefore, be sought in a judicious choice of soil, an alternation of chains of hills and valleys, gorges, brooks, and lakes covered with aquatic plants. Symmetry is wearying, and ennui and disgust will soon be excited in a garden where every part betrays constraint and art.

Lien-Tschen

(Quoted by A. von Humboldt)



OF all sorts of soil, the best is that upon a sandy gravel, or a rosiny sand; whoever lies upon either of these, may run boldly into all the best sort of peaches and grapes, how shallow soever the turf be upon them; and whatever other tree will thrive in these soils, the fruit shall be of much finer taste than any other: A richer soil will do well enough for apricots, plums, pears or figs; but still the more of the sand in your earth the better, and the worse the more of the clay, which is proper for oaks, and no other tree that I know of.

Sir W. Temple

The Formation of Gardens

FIRST, I must note a certain contrariety between *building* and *gardening*: for as *Fabricks* should be *regular*, so *Gardens* should be *irregular*, or at least cast into a very wild *Regularity*. To exemplifie my conceit, I have seen a *Garden*, for the manner perchance incomparable, into which the first Access was a high wall like a *Terrace*, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole *Plot* below, but rather in a delightful confusion, than with any plain distinction of the pieces. From this the *Beholder* descending many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several *mountings* and *valings*, to various entertainments of his *sent* and *sight*: which I shall not need to describe, for that were poetical, let me only note this, that every one of these diversities, was as if he had been *magically* transported into a new *Garden*.

Sir Henry Wotton



HERE the garden should be adorned with roses and lilies, the turnsole (heliotrope), violets, and mandrake; there you should have parsley, cost, fennel, southern-wood, coriander, sage, savery, hyssop, mint, rue, ditanny, smallage, pellitory, lettuces, garden-cress, and peonies. There should be also beds planted with onions, leeks, garlic, pumpkins, and shalots.

The cucumber growing in its lap, the drowsy poppy, the daffodil and brank-ursine (*acanthus*)

The Formation of Gardens

ennoble a garden. Nor are there wanting, if occasion furnish thee, pottage-herbs, beets, herb-mercury, orache, sorrel and mallows. Anise, mustard, white pepper and wormwood (absynth) do good service to the gardenlet.

A noble garden will give thee also medlars, quinces, warden-trees, peaches, pears of St. Riolo, pomegranates, lemons (citron apples), oranges (golden apples), almonds, dates, which are the fruits of palms, and figs. I make no mention of ginger and gariofilice, cinnamon, liquorice, and zituala, and Virgœ Sabeœ distilling incense, myrrh, aloe and lavender, resin, storax and balsaam, and Indian laburnum.

Alexander Neckham



ART IN GARDENS

OUR British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure, and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre.

Joseph Addison

The Formation of Gardens

THE next care to that of suiting trees with the soil, is that of suiting fruits to the position of walls. Grapes, peaches, and winter-pears, to be good, must be planted upon full south, or south-east; figs are best upon south-east, but will do well upon east and south-west: the west are proper for cherries, plums, or apricots; but all of them are improved by a south wall, both as to early and taste, north, north-west, or north-east, deserve nothing but greens; these should be divided by woodbines or jessamines between every green, and the other walls by a vine between every fruit-tree; the best sorts upon the south walls, the common white and black upon east and west, because the other trees being many of them (especially peaches) were transitory; some apt to die with hard winters, others to be cut down and make room for new fruits: without this method, the walls are left for several years unfurnished; whereas the vines on each side cover the void space in one summer, and when the other trees are grown, make only a pillar between them of two or three feet broad.

Sir W. Temple



NOW was excited his (Shenstone's) delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his

The Formation of Gardens

little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful—a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view—to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen—to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden—demand any great powers of the mind, I will not enquire : perhaps a surly and sullen spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must at least be confessed that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement, and some praise must be allowed by the most scrupulous observer to him who does best what multitudes are contending to do well.

Samuel Johnson



ALL the wide world of vegetation blooms and buds for you ; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow ; the thorn and the thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are to you the kindest servants ; no dying petal, nor drooping tendril, is so feeble as to have no help for you ; no robed pride of blossoms so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality.

John Ruskin

The Formation of Gardens

AS it is, my garden claims a good portion of my spare time in the middle of the day, when I am not engaged at home or taking a walk; there is always something to interest me even in the very sight of the weeds and litter, for then I think how much improved the place will be when they are removed; and it is very delightful to watch the progress of any work of this sort, and observe the gradual change from disorder and neglect to neatness and finish. In the course of the autumn, I have done much in planting and altering, but these labours are now over, and I have now only to hope for a mild winter as far as the shrubs are concerned, that they may not all be dead when the Spring comes.

Thomas Arnold



WHOEVER begins a garden, ought in the first place, and above all, to consider the soil, upon which the taste of not only his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend; and the default of soil is without remedy: for although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge) yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where 'tis brought.

Sir W. Temple



The Formation of Gardens

MY garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labour was all that it required. But I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation.

It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green. Later in the season the humming-birds were attracted by the blossoms of a peculiar variety of bean; and they were a joy to me, those little spiritual visitants, for deigning to sip airy food out of my nectar-cups. Multitudes of bees used to bury themselves in the yellow blossoms of the summer-squashes.

This, too, was a deep satisfaction; although, when they had laden themselves with sweets, they flew away to some unknown hive, which would give back nothing in requital of what my garden had contributed. But I was glad thus to fling a benefaction upon the passing breeze with the certainty that somebody must profit by it, and that there would be a little more honey in the world to allay the sourness and bitterness which mankind is always complaining of. Yes, indeed; my life was the sweeter for that honey.

Nathaniel Hawthorne



The Formation of Gardens

OLD ENGLISH GARDENS

IN all times the English have been fond of gardens. Bacon thought it not beneath his dignity to order the arrangement of the garden. Long before Bacon, a writer of the twelfth century describes a garden as it should be: "It should be adorned on this side with roses, lilies and the marigold; on that side with parsley, cost, fennel, southernwood, coriander, sage, savory, hyssop, mint, vine, deltany, pellitory, lettuce, cresses, and the peony. Let there be beds enriched with onions, leek, garlic, melons, scallions. The garden is also enriched by the cucumber, the soporiferous poppy, and the daffodil, and the acanthus. Nor let pot-herbs be wanting, as beet-root, sorrel, and mallow. It is useful also to the gardener to have anise, mustard, and wormwood."

Walter Besant



LA PETITE TRIANON

IT contains about 100 acres, disposed in the taste of what we read of in books of Chinese gardening, whence it is supposed the English style was taken. . . . It is not easy to conceive anything that art can introduce in a garden that is not here; woods, rocks, lawns, lakes, rivers, islands, cascades, grottos, walks, temples, and even villages. There are parts of the design very pretty and well executed. The only fault



HERBACEOUS BORDER. KNOLE PARK.



The Formation of Gardens

is too much crowding ; which has led to another, that of cutting the lawn by too many gravel walks, an error to be seen in almost every garden I have met with in France. But the glory of La Petite Trianon is the exotic trees and shrubs. The world has been successfully rifled to decorate it. Here are curious and beautiful ones to please the eye of ignorance ; and to exercise the memory of science.

Arthur Young



WE venture to think that artistic and scientific gardening might become an admirable profession for gentlemen not ambitious of making great fortunes. No occupation is healthier ; none is fuller of variety and interest. Every day in garden and greenhouse brings a new surprise—a new delight ; and the man who becomes a thorough gardener will often recall Cowley's famous line :

" God the first garden made, and the first city, Caln."

The leaves of autumn are flying before rain and wind. They drive athwart my lawn, a versicoloured shower. The copper-beech is burning its deepest russet, the Canadian oak is a tangled web of shivering saffron ; soon the turf will be clear swept, to the weary gardener's high delight, and the eye's chief solace will be the glossy green of laurel and holly.

Mortimer Collins

The Formation of Gardens

NEXT the street side, and more contiguous to the house, are knots in trail, or grass work, where likewise runs a fountain. Towards the grotto and stables, within a wall, is a garden of choice flowers, in which the Duke spends many thousand pistoles. In sum, nothing is wanted to render this palace and gardens perfectly beautiful and magnificent; nor is it one of the least diversions to see the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all access is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walks and retirements full of gallants and ladies; in others, melancholy friars; in others, studious scholars; in others, jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grass, others running and jumping; some playing at bowls and ball, and others dancing and singing; and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place.

What is most admirable, you see no gardeners, or men at work, and yet all is kept in such exquisite order, as if they did nothing else but work; it is so early in the morning, that all is despatched and done without the least confusion.

John Evelyn



A BOY'S GARDEN

LIKE other boys in the country, I had my patch of ground, to which, in the springtime, I entrusted the seeds furnished me, with a confident trust in their resurrection and

The Formation of Gardens

glorification in the better world of summer. But I soon found that my lines had fallen in a place where a vegetable growth had to run the gauntlet of as many foes and trials as a Christian pilgrim. Flowers would not blow; daffodils perished like criminals in their condemned cups, without their petals ever seeing daylight; roses were disfigured with monstrous protrusions through their very centres,—something that looked like a second bud pushing through the middle of the corolla; lettuces and cabbages would not head; radishes knotted themselves until they looked like centenarian's fingers; and on every stem, on every leaf, and both sides of it, and at the root of everything that grew, was a professional specialist in the shape of a gnat, caterpillar, aphis, or other expert, whose business it was to devour that particular part, and help murder the whole attempt at vegetation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes



YOU have heard it said that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them.

John Ruskin

The Formation of Gardens

THE garden was one of those old-fashioned paradises which hardly exist any longer except as memories of our childhood. No finical separation between flower and kitchen garden there; no monotony of enjoyment for one sense to the exclusion of another; but a charming paradisiacal mingling of all that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food. The rich flower border running along every walk, with its endless succession of spring flowers, anemones, auriculas, wall-flowers, sweet williams, campanulas, snap-dragons, and tiger-lilies, had its taller beauties, such as moss and Provence roses, varied with espalier apple-trees; the crimson of a carnation was carried out in the lurking crimson of the neighbouring strawberry-beds; You gathered a moss-rose one moment, and a bunch of currants the next; you were in a delicious fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries. Then what a high wall at one end, flanked by a summer house so lofty, that after ascending its long flight of steps you could see perfectly well there was no view worth looking at; what alcoves and garden-seats in all directions; and along one side, what a hedge, tall, and firm, and unbroken, like a green wall!

George Eliot



Of People in a Garden

My beloved is gone down to his garden,
To the bed of spices,
To feed in the gardens,
And to gather lilies.

Solomon's Song of Songs



MAUD has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower :
And thither I climbed at dawn
And stood by her garden gate;
A lion ramps at the top,
He is clasped by a passion-flower.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

OF PEOPLE IN A GARDEN

I CAN now understand in what sense they speak of Father Adam. I recognise the paternity, while I watch my tulips. I almost feel with him, too; for the first day I turned a drunken gardener (as he let in the serpent) into my Eden, and he laid about him, lopping off some choice boughs, etc., which hung over from a neighbour's garden, and in his blind zeal, laid waste a shade, which had sheltered their window from the gaze of passers-by. The old gentlewoman could scarcely be reconciled by all my fine words. There was no buttering her parsnips. She talked of the law. What a lapse to commit on the first day of my happy "garden state"!

Charles Lamb



TALKE of perfect happiness or pleasure, and what place so fit for that, as the garden place, wherein Adam was set to be the Herbalist? Whither did the poets hunt for their sincere delights but into the gardens of Alcinous, of Adonis, and the orchards of Hesperides?

Where did they dreame that Heavene should be, but in the pleasant garden of Elysium? Whither doe all men walke for their honest recreation but thither, where the Earth hath most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours?

John Gerarde

Of People in a Garden

AN AFTER-THOUGHT

O H lost garden Paradise !
Were the roses redder there
Than they blossom elsewhere?
Was the night's delicious shade
More intensely star-inlaid?

Who can tell what memories
Of lost beloved Paradise
Saddened Eve with sleepless eyes?

Fair first mother lulled to rest
In a choicer garden-nest,
Curtained with a softer shading
Than thy tenderest child is laid in,—
Was the sundawn brighter far
Than our daily sundawns are?
Was that love, first love of all,
Warmer, deeper, better worth,
Than has warmed poor hearts of earth
Since the utter ruinous fall?

Ah supremely happy once,
Ah supremely broken-hearted
When her tender feet departed
From the accustomed paths of peace !
Catching Angel visions
For the last last time of all,
Shedding tears that would not cease,
For the bitter fall.

Yet the accustomed hand for leading,
Yet the accustomed heart for love;
Sure she kept one part of Eden
Angels could not strip her of.

Of People in a Garden

Sure the fiery messenger
Kindling for his outraged Lord,
 Willing with the perfect Will,
Yet rejoiced the flaming sword,
 Chastening sore but sparing still,
Shut her treasure out with her.

What became of Paradise?
 Did the cedars droop at all
 (Springtide hastening to the fall)
 Missing the beloved hand—
 Or did their green perfection stand
Unmoved beneath the perfect skies?—

Paradise was rapt on high,
 It lies before the gate of Heaven;—
 Eve now slumbers there forgiven,
 Slumbers Rachel comforted,
 Slumber all the blessed dead
Of days and months and years gone by,
A solemn swelling company.

They wait for us beneath the trees
Of Paradise, that lap of ease :
They wait for us, till God shall please.
O come the day of death, that day
Of rest which cannot pass away !
When the last work is wrought, the last
Pang of pain is felt and past,
And the blessed door made fast.

Christina Rossetti



Of People in a Garden

MAUD

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose blown.
For a breeze of morning moves
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.
All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.
I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.
I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

Of People in a Garden

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin, and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;

Of People in a Garden

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson



THE ROWAN TREE

O ROWAN tree, O rowan tree! thou'lt aye
be dear to me!
Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and
infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first of Spring, thy
flowers the summer's pride;
There wasna sic a bonny tree in a' the country
side.

O rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy
clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries
red and bright!

Of People in a Garden

On thy fair stem were mony names which now
nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart—forgot they
ne'er can be!

O rowan tree!

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies
round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces
they strang,
My Mother! O, I see her still, she smiled our
sports to see,
Wi' little Jennie on her lap, and Jamie at her
knee.

O rowan tree!

O there arose my father's prayer, in holy
evening's calm;
How sweet was then my mother's voice in the
Martyr's psalm!
Now a' are gone! we meet nae mair aneath the
rowan tree!
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o'
hame and infancy.

O rowan tree!

Lady C. Nairne



Of People in a Garden

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

I N this lone open glade I lie,
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its head, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretch'd out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

In the huge world, which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Of People in a Garden

Yet here is peace for ever new!
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of this quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass;
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things; make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die,
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold



A GARDEN LYRIC

WE have loitered and laugh'd in the flowery
 croft,
 We have met under wintry skies;
Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft
 Is the light in her wistful eyes;
It is bliss in the silent woods, among
 Gay crowds, or in any place,
To mould her mind, to gaze in her young
 Confiding face.

Of People in a Garden

For ever may roses divinely blow,
And wine-dark pansies charm.
By that prim box path where I felt the glow,
Of her dimpled, trusting arm.
And the sweep of her silk as she turned and
smiled
The breeze was in love with the Darling Child
A smile as pure as her pearls;
And coax'd her curls.

She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,
Foxglove and jasmine stars,
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze
Of red in the celadon jars:
And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,
And roses of bountiful Spring.
But I said—"Though roses and bees have spells,
They have thorn, and sting."

She show'd me ripe peaches behind a net
As fine as her veil, and fat
Goldfish a-gape, who lazily met
For her crumbs—I grudged them that!
A squirrel, some rabbits with long lop ears,
And guinea-pigs, tortoise-shell—wee;
And I told her that eloquent truth inheres
In all we see.

F. Locker Lampson



The Orchard

COME, buy our orchard fruits, come buy :
Apples and quinces, lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries, melons and
raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches, swart-headed
mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries, crab-apples,
dewberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—All ripe together.

Christina Rossetti



WE are the Fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.
Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer,
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen be your apples.
When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then's the time for orchard robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

Leigh Hunt

THE ORCHARD

A NOBLE nut avenue down the centre. On either side an old orchard, with broad open stretches of turf, between the rows of gnarled grey fruit-trees, all set with beds filled with standard roses. They are now in their second bloom, standing up to their knees in asters, violet and pink and crimson. A broad turf path,—how beautiful they are, these green grass-ways of our old English gardens, as compared with the gravel of the new!—runs along either side, and the apple and pear, cherry and plum trees meet overhead all along.

They make an aisle of beauty the whole year through, whether in the full glory of bloom, pink and white; or in young leaf; or, as now, in dark foliage studded with bright-cheeked fruit; or in winter, when there is no green but the tufts of mistletoe, and the lichened boughs are traced out in snow. Always lovely, and the abiding-place of peace.

Phil Robinson



The Orchard

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the
spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noon-tide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

The Orchard

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky.

While children come, with cries of glee
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'er-flow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth.

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree.
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,

The Orchard

The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

“ Who planted this old apple-tree? ”
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The grey-haired man shall answer them :

“ A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree.”

W. C. Bryant



The Orchard

SOME fruit-trees are singularly beautiful in the Fall.

The pear-tree, for instance, spreads round it a matchless carpet so intricately coloured and so harmonious that the finest cashmere web is coarse and crude by comparison.

The cherry is sometimes wonderful in the combination of vivid scarlet and clearest yellow, and what scent can be more exquisite than the perfume of dying cherry leaves? Sunning itself one day in the orchard I saw a tortoiseshell cat asleep, its bed a drift of cherry leaves, and the cat was almost invisible, so happily did it blend with the foliage.

A pheasant is almost lost to sight as soon as it steps on fallen beech-leaves.

Phil Robinson



ORCHARDS are even more personal in their charms than gardens, as they are more nearly human creations. Ornaments of the homestead, they subordinate other features of it; and such is their sway over the landscape that house and owner appear accidents without them. So men delight to build in an ancient orchard, when so fortunate as to possess one, that they may live in the beauty of its surroundings. Orchards are among the most coveted possessions; trees of ancient standing, and vines, being firm friends and royal neighbors for ever. The profits, too, are as wonderful as their

The Orchard

longevity. And if antiquity can add any worth to a thing, what possession has a man more noble than these? So unlike most others, which are best at first, and grow worse till worth nothing; while fruit-trees and vines increase in worth and goodness for ages.

Amos Bronson Alcott



TWENTY springs have come and gone since that turf was laid, and thirty since those nuts were planted, and to-day the path is of wondrous pile and texture, and the trees, each of them beautifully symmetrical and of even size, some fifteen feet in height and twenty in depth, form a hedge so luxuriously soft in contour, so beautifully thick and cool, that merely to look down the green aisle, is reposeful to eye and brain. A broad rustic seat, comfortably low, set against a thick hedge of laurel, and overshadowed by a walnut tree, stretches across the path at either end, and half-way down on one side is another seat cunningly set back between two of the filbert trees, and so o'er-canopied and curtained in with leafy boughs that from no point of the orchard can you be seen as you sit there.

Phil Robinson





SUNDIAL IN YEW AND BOX. EASTON LODGE



Sundial Mottoes

SAYING all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases
Charming for their truth, of daises
Uttering as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.

Leigh Hunt



THE SUNDIAL

It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere banished? If its business use be suspended by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sun-set, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologue of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. The "shepherd carved it out quaintly in the sun," and turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones.

Charles Lamb

SUNDIAL MOTTOES

S H A D O W . A N D . S U N — S O . T O O . O U R
L I V E S . A R E . M A D E —
Y E T . T H I N K . H O W . G R E A T . T H E
S U N , . H O W . S M A L L . T H E . S H A D E .



M A K E . T H E . P A S S I N G . S H A D O W
S E R V E . T H Y . W I L L .



I . N O T E . T H E . T I M E . T H A T . Y O U
W A S T E .
W H E N . T H O U . D O S T . L O O K . U P O N
M Y . F A C E
T O . L E A R N . T H E . T I M E . O F . D A Y ,
T H I N K . H O W . M Y . S H A D O W . K E E P S
I T S . P A C E ,
A S . T H Y . L I F E . F L I E S . A W A Y .
T A K E , . M O R T A L , . T H I S . A D V I C E
F R O M . M E
A N D . S O . R E S O L V E . T O . S P E N D
T H Y . L I F E . O N . E A R T H , . T H A T
H E A V E N . S H A L L . B E
T H Y . H O M E , . W H E N . T I M E . S H A L L
E N D .

Sundial Mottoes

TO . NO . ONE . IS . GIVEN . RIGHT
OF . DELAY,
NOTED . IN . HEAVEN . PASSETH . EACH
DAY;
BE . THOU . NOT . FRUITLESS, . WORK
WHILE . YE . MAY,
TRIFLING . WERE . BOOTLESS, . WATCH
THOU . AND . PRAY.



TIME . AS . THE . DIAL . TO . THE
SUN.
ALTHOUGH . IT . BE . NOT . SHONE
UPON.



THY . DIAL . . . WILL . SHOW . HOW
THY . PRECIOUS . MINUTES
WASTE.



TIME . IS . THE . MONITOR . OF . LIFE.

Sundial Mottoes

TIME'S . A . HAND'S . BREADTH; . 'TIS
A . TALE;
'TIS . A . VESSEL . UNDER . SAIL;
'TIS . AN . EAGLE . IN . ITS . WAY;
DARTING . DOWN . UPON . ITS . PREY;
'TIS . AN . ARROW . IN . ITS . FLIGHT,
MOCKING . THE . PURSUING . SIGHT.



TIME . WASTED . IS . EXISTENCE,
USED . IS . LIFE.




TO-MORROW'S . HOURS . MAY . BE
LESS . FORTUNATE.




SHINING . SPOT . FOR . EVER
SHINING
BRIGHTEST . HOURS . HAVE . NO
ABIDING.
USE . THY . GOLDEN . MOMENTS . WELL.
LIFE . IS . WASTING
DEATH . IS . HASTING.
DEATH . CONSIGNS . TO . HEAVEN . OR
HELL.

Sundial Mottoes


OLD . FATHER . TIME . STANDS . STILL
FOR . NONE;
THIS . MOMENT . HERE, . THE . NEXT
HE'S . GONE;
AND . THOUGH . YOU . SPEAK . HIM
NE'ER . SO . KIND,
HE . NEVER . LAGS . ONE . STEP
BEHIND;
IF, . THEN, . WITH . TIME . YOU'D
FORWARD . BE,
YOU . E'EN . MUST . RUN . AS . FAST
AS . HE.



BE . THANKFUL, . WATCH, . PRAY,
WORK.



LIFE'S . BUT . A . SHADOW,
MAN'S . BUT . DUST;
THIS . DIAL . SAYS
DY . ALL . WE . MUST.



SHADOW . AND . SHINE . IS . LIFE.

Sundial Mottoes

SEE . THE . LITTLE . DAY-STAR
MOVING
LIFE . AND . TIME . ARE . WORTH
IMPROVING,
SEIZE . THE . MOMENTS, . WHILE
THEY . STAY;
SEIZE . AND . USE . THEM
LEST . YOU . LOSE . THEM
AND . LAMENT . THE . WASTED . DAY.



LET . OTHERS . TELL . OF . STORMS
AND . SHOWERS,
I'LL . ONLY . COUNT . YOUR . SUNNY
HOURS.



THE . HOUR . THOU . READEST . NOW
ON . ME.
WILL . NEVER . MORE . BE . OFFERED
THEE;
IF . THOU . TAK'ST . HEED . WISE
THOU . WILT . BE.



Sundial Mottoes

A . MOMENT—MARK . HOW . SMALL
A . SPACE
THE . DIAL . SHOWS . UPON . THE
FACE;
YET . WASTE . BUT . ONE—AND . YOU
SEE
OF . HOW . GREAT . MOMENT . IT . CAN
BE.



M Y . DOOR . IS . OPEN . TO . YOU
MY . HEART . STILL . MORE.



N EVER . RETURNING
HOURS . GLIDE . AWAY
THOU . THOUGH . MUCH . YEARNING
CAN' ST . NOT . DELAY
LABOURING . LEARNING
SPEND . THOU . THY . DAY
INDOLENCE . SPURNING
WATCH . THOU . AND . PRAY.



T IME . FLIES . SUNS . RISE . AND
SHADOWS . FALL.
LET . IT . GO . BY . LO . LOVE . IS
FOR . EVER : OVER . ALL.

Sundial Mottoes

M Y . CHANGE . IS . SURE, . IT . MAY
BE . SOON,
EACH . HASTENING . MINUTE . LEADS
ME . ON :
THE . AWFUL . SUMMONS . DRAWETH
NIGH,
AND . EVERY . DAY . I . LIVE . TO
DIE.



N OISELESS . FALLS . THE . FOOT
OF . TIME
WHICH . ONLY . TREADS . ON
FLOWERS.



O BERVE . HOW . FAST, . TIME
HURRIES . PAST,
THEN . USE . EACH . HOUR, . WHILE
IN . YOUR . POWER,
FOR . COMES . THE . SUN, . BUT
TIME . FLIES . ON,
PROCEEDING . EVER, . RETURNING
NEVER.



I . AM . A . SHADOW, . SO . ART
THOU :
I . MARK . TIME, . DOST . THOU?

Sundial Mottoes

'T IS . ALWAYS . MORNING . SOME-
WHERE . IN . THE . WORLD.



W HILE . TIME . IS . GIVEN . USE
IT.



I . MARK . NOT . THE . HOURS . UN-
LESS . THEY . BE . BRIGHT,
I . MARK . NOT . THE . HOURS . OF
DARKNESS . AND . NIGHT,
MY . PROMISE . IS . SOLELY . TO . FOL-
LOW . THE . SUN,
AND . POINT . OUT . THE . COURSE
HIS . CHARIOT . DOTH . RUN.



I . COUNT . NONE . BUT . SUNNY
HOURS.



S UNNY . BE . THE . DAY
SUNNY . THY . SPIRIT.



T HE . SWEETEST . ARE . THE
SHORTEST.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Compiler desires to acknowledge the obligation he is under to the many authors and publishers who have so courteously allowed him to quote from their publications. Special mention must be made of the following:—

Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson. Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for a poem by the late T. E. Brown. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., for verses by John Addington Symonds. Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt for sundial mottoes from "A Book of Sundial Mottoes." Messrs. Harper Brothers for a poem by Miss Woolson. Mr. Lionel S. Marks for a poem by Josephine P. Peabody. Rev. Titus M. Coan. Mr. Louis James Block. Mr. E. Kay Robinson for permission to quote from Phil Robinson's "In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney."

INDEX

AUTHOR	FIRST WORDS	PAGE
ADDISON, JOSEPH	I think there are as many	17
"	Our British gardeners	107
ALCOTT, A. B.	Orchards are even more	135
ARNOLD, M.	In this lone open glade	126
"	So, some tempestuous morn	29
ARNOLD, THOMAS	As it is, my garden	110
BESANT, WALTER	In all times	112
BLAKE, W.	Ah! sun-flower	48
"	The modest Rose	41
BLOCK, L. J.	Behold the portal	77
BOYLE, S. R.	Here I come creeping	20
BROWNE, W.	A Rose, as fair as ever	69
BROWNING, E. B.	Red Roses	39
BRYANT, W. C.	Come, let us plant	132
"	The melancholy days are come	78
"	Thou blossom bright	62
CAVENDISH, G.	My Garden sweet	31
CHATTERTON, T.	The budding floweret	90
CHAUCER, G.	A Garden saw I	2
"	May had painted	18
CLARE, J.	And where the Marjoram once	15
"	When once the sun	56
COAN, T. M.	Fairest of garden blossoms!	46
COLERIDGE, H.	Far in the East	62
"	I love the flowers	53
"	Line above line	84
"	Some flowers there are	58
"	The flowers of Spring	67
"	There is a little	40
"	Welcome, sweet stranger	55
"	Yes, punctual to the time	47
COLLINS, M.	We venture to think	113
COWPER, WILLIAM	The nymph must love	64

Index

AUTHOR	FIRST WORDS	PAGE
DARLEY, G. ..	My bower blooms	18
DICKENS, C. ..	At all times and in all ages ..	5
" ..	Oh, a dainty plant	24
DOBSON, AUSTIN	Down where the garden grows ..	22
DRAYTON, M. ..	A chaplet then of Herbs	4
" ..	Gorbo, as thou cam'st	42
ELIOT, GEORGE ..	The garden was one of those ..	116
EMERSON, R. W.	All my hurts	1
EVELYN, JOHN ..	From hence	12
" ..	I finished this day	11
" ..	Next the street side.. ..	114
" ..	The gardens are near	17
FLETCHER, JOHN	Roses, their sharp spines	41
FRENEAU, P. ..	Fair flower, that dost	73
GERARDE, JOHN...	Talke of perfect happiness ..	119
" ..	The rose doth deserve	37
GOETHE	In the public garden at Palermo	3
GRANT, Mrs. ..	Could I find	76
<i>(of Laggan).</i>		
HAWTHORNE, N.	My garden	111
HEMANS, F. ..	'Twas a lovely thought	52
HERRICK, R. ..	A funeral stone	19
" ..	Fair Daffodils	68
" ..	Fair pledges	66
" ..	Frollick virgins once	53
" ..	Jealous girls	43
" ..	Why this flower	60
" ..	Ye have been fresh and green ..	28
HINKSON, K. T...	Who passes down	66
HOLMES, O. W..	Like other boys	114
HOOD, T. ..	I remember	57
HUNT, LEIGH ..	A noble range it was	8
" ..	Saying all one feels.. ..	137
" ..	We are the fairies	130
" ..	We are the sweet flowers	50
" ..	We are slumbrous poppies	70
" ..	Whatsoe'er of beauty	44

Index

AUTHOR	FIRST WORDS			PAGE
HUNT, LEIGH ..	Wild-rose, sweet briar	54
IRVING, W. ..	The garden beneath	10
JERROLD, D. ..	A small quiet nook	81
JAMES I. ..	Now was there made	16
JOHNSON, S. ..	Now was excited his	108
JONSON, B. ..	Have you seen	60
KEATS, J. ..	I saw the sweetest flower	51
KHAYYÁM, OMAR..	And look—a thousand blossoms	77
KING, HENRY ..	Brave flowers	68
KINGLAKE, A. W.	Wild as the highest	82
LAMB, CHARLES..	I can now understand	119
„ ..	It stood as the garden god	138
LAMPSON, F. L..	We have loitered	127
LANDOR, W. S. ..	How sweetly smells the Honey-suckle	6
LANGLEY, B. ..	When in the Garden's Entrance	98
LEGARÉ, J. M. ..	Go bow thy head	49
LEIGHTON, W. ..	Where are the flowers	94
LIEN-TSCHEN ..	The art of laying out	105
LONGFELLOW, H. W.	In all places, then	88
LOVELACE, R. ..	Sweet, serene, sky-like flower	65
LUTTRELL, H. ..	A bard, dear muse	74
MARVELL, A. ..	How vainly men	34
„ ..	I have a garden	86
MILTON, JOHN ..	Groves of myrrh	72
„ ..	He brought thee into	71
„ ..	It was a place chosen	80
„ ..	Let the Earth	103
„ ..	Of Eden, where	89
„ ..	Paradise of God	79
MILLIKIN, R. A..	The groves of Blarney	100
MONTAGU, LADY	I am really as fond	104
„ ..	My garden was a plain vineyard	96
MOORE, THOMAS..	I have a garden	19
MORE, Sir T. ..	They set great store	7
MORRIS, W. ..	I know a little garden	16
NAIRNE, LADY C.	O rowan tree	124

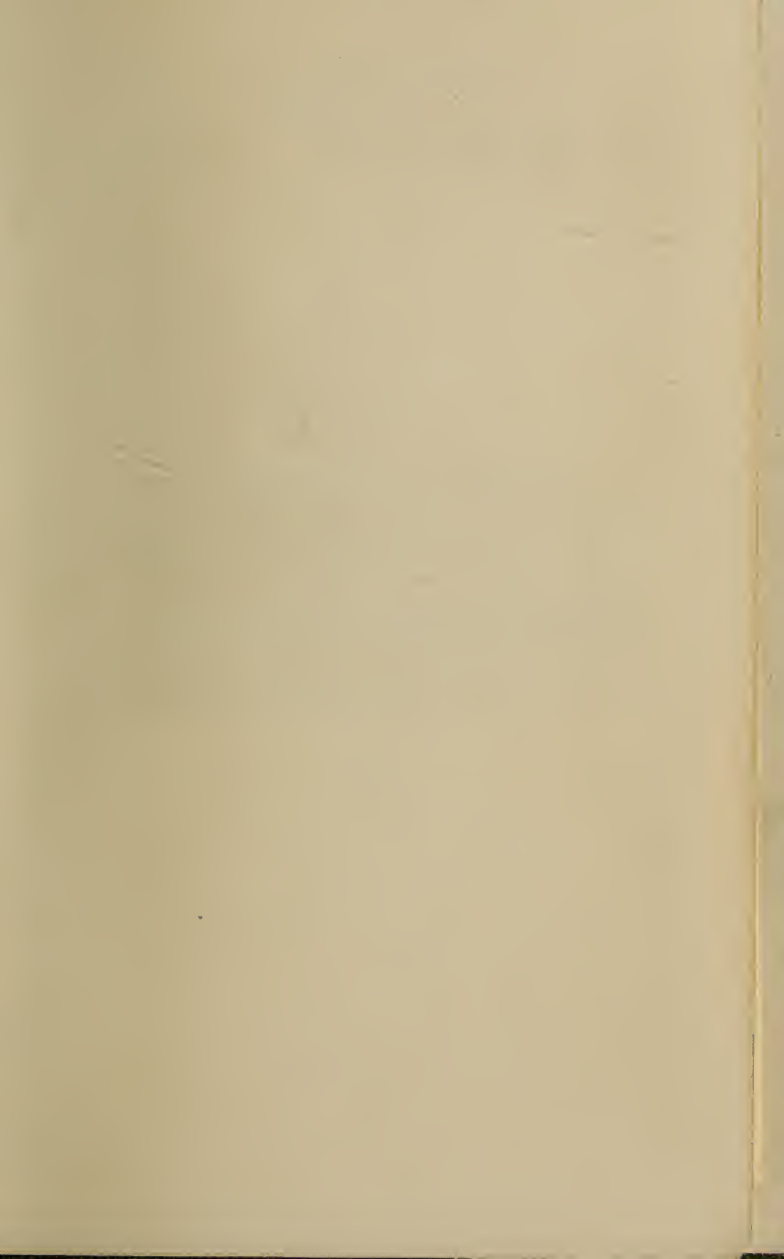
Index

AUTHOR	FIRST WORDS	PAGE
NECKHAM, A. . .	Here the garden	106
PEABODY, J. P. ..	Dumb Mother of all music ..	5
POPE, ALEXANDER	Fain would my Muse	32
„	His Gardens next	36
RALEIGH, W. ..	Sweet violets	54
RAMSAY, ALLAN..	I love the garden	82
REYNOLDS, JOHN	Say, crimson Rose	56
ROBINSON, PHIL..	A noble nut avenue	131
„	And here, as I pass	28
„	Raining again	83
„	Some fruit-trees are	135
„	Twenty springs have come ..	136
„	Twice in the year	92
ROSSETTI, C. ..	Blue flags, yellow flags ..	49
„	Come, buy our orchard fruits ..	129
„	Hope is like a Harebell	54
„	O happy rose	44
„	O rose, thou flower	48
„	Oh lost garden	120
„	The jessamine shows	27
RUSKIN, JOHN ..	All the wide world	109
„	You have heard	115
SCOLLARD,		
CLINTON ..	You ask why Spring's	55
SCOTT, SIR W. ..	A small cottage	6
„	The violet in her green-wood ..	45
SHAKESPEARE, W.	Here's flowers for you	38
SHERMAN, FRANK		
DEMPSTER ..	Once, long ago	59
SOLOMON ..	Lo, the winter is past	87
„	My beloved is gone down	117
SOUTHEY,		
CAROLINE ..	Those few Autumn Flowers ..	90
SOUTHEY, R. ..	O Reader	14
SPENSER, EDMUND	And all without were walkes ..	7
„	He the gay garden	25
„	Sweet is the rose	58

Index

AUTHOR	FIRST WORDS	PAGE
STAËL, MADAME DE	Gardens are almost	92
SYMONDS, J.		
ADDINGTON..	O blooming white narcissus-bud ..	45
TEMPLE, SIR W.	For this reason	21
"	In every garden	99
"	Of all sorts of soil	105
"	The best figure of a garden ..	97
"	The next care to that	108
"	Whoever begins a garden	110
TENNYSON, A. ..	A garden bower'd close	25
"	And I must work	11
"	Come into the garden	122
"	Maud has a garden.. ..	118
THOMSON, JAMES	At length the finished	102
"	Fairhanded Spring unbosoms ..	33
"	From the moist meadow	85
WALLER, EDMUND	Go, lovely rose	63
WALPOLE, H. ..	We have no reason.. ..	94
WHITE, H. K. ..	Mild offspring	59
WHITTIER, J. G...	O painter of the fruits	26
WITHER, G. ..	Me so oft my fancy drew	30
WORDSWORTH, W.	I heard a thousand	84
"	I wandered lonely	61
WOTTON, SIR		
HENRY ..	First, I must note	106
YOUNG, ARTHUR	It contains about 100 acres ..	112







PN
6110
G2S5

Shaylor, Sidney J
(comp.)
Joys of the garden

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
